young are comely, of a buxom type, and, like the men, with highly-developed calves, the latter always being considered a beauty. The children are frequently remarkably pretty. Khasis carry very heavy burdens, it being the custom for the cooly of the country to carry a maund, or 82 lbs. weight, or even more occasionally, on his back, the load being fixed by means of a cane band which is worn across the forehead; women carry almost as heavy loads as the men. The coolies, both male and female, commonly do the journey between Cherrapunji and Shillong, or between Shillong and Jowai, in one day, carrying the heavy loads above mentioned. Each of the above journeys is some thirty miles. They carry their great loads of rice and salt from Therria to Cherrapunji, an ascent of about 4,000 feet in some three to four miles, in the day. The Khasis are probably the best porters in the north of India, and have frequently been requisitioned for transport purposes on military expeditions.

The people are cheerful in disposition, and are light-hearted by nature, and, unlike the plains people, seem to thoroughly appreciate a joke. It is pleasant to hear on the road down to Theriaghat from Cherrapunji, in the early morning the whole hillside resounding with the scraps of song and peals of laughter of the coolies, as they run nimbly down the short cuts on their way to market. The women are specially cheerful, and pass the time of day and bandy jokes with passers-by with quite an absence of reserve. The Khasis are certainly more industrious than the Assamese, are generally good-tempered, but are occasionally prone to sudden outbursts of anger, accompanied by violence. They are fond of music, and rapidly learn the hymn tunes which are taught them by the Welsh missionaries. Khasis are devoted to their offspring, and the women make excellent nurses for European children, frequently becoming much attached to their little charges. The people, like the Japanese, are fond of nature. A Khasi loves a day out in the woods, where he thoroughly enjoys himself. If he does not go out shooting or fishing, he is content to sit still and contemplate nature. He has a separate name for each of the commoner birds and flowers. He also has names for many butterflies and moths. These are traits which are not found usually in the people of India.

526 hours. Meanwhile all the archers and many people have arrived. The judge gets up and turns to the archers, talking eagerly and spurring them on to do their best, so that they may emerge as victors in the contest. Shrieking loudly and making a noise, the archers take their places by the string lying on the ground and each pays one anna (about 10 pfennigs, peace evaluation) as a contribution. It is customary in many places to charge a larger amount. The money is collected by the judge (u-nong-khang-khnam) and kept until the end of the year. After the last contest it is spent for the "festival after the archery contest."

When the money has been paid and some liquor (ka-kiad-um) is poured on the ground, the contest begins. The archers bend their bows and each one aims and shoots as he wishes. If an arrow hits the mark, a loud cry comes from the spectators. The men jump in the air and utter cries of joy. The archer himself gets up, turns around in a circle a couple of times, jumps in the air and swings his bow, uttering
526 cries of joy continuously. Now, since first
522 this one and then that one hits the mark, whether it is someone in one's own faction or one of the opponents, cries of joy and rejoicings may be heard almost without interruption. The people of one's own team try to spur on each archer during his round by shouts. For example, if an archer has a black (marked) arrow, they shout: "to, to be iong be iong! i.e., hit, hit black one, black one!" In this case the opponent has the white arrows. If such an arrow goes crooked and flies past the target, they shout at it: "Phui, phui kymdei shiliang, rakaid me, u rakaid! i.e. fie, fie you fly to one side, you bungler, you

bungler!" (27) When the opponent aims and 526 522.

27. P.C. Bohnheim, "Das Pfeilshiessen der Khasi" [Arrow Shooting Among the Khasi], Salvatoranische Milleilungen [Salvatorian Communications], 1910, No. 2.

shoots they shout at him: "Bam khyndeu, bam shisp! i.c., eat earth, eat sand!" (The opponent's arrow is supposed to fly into the earth or sand). There is ample opportunity here for talking extemporaneously as the Khasi so love to do. Following the examples mentioned above they shout at the archers of their own team or of the opponents' team. At the same time I have never noticed that [578] anybody felt insulted or that quarrels and fights ever arose. If somebody feels affected by the remarks, he or one of his team tries to overtrump his opponent by a really potent remark. If that is successful everybody rejoices in the comment and the round of shooting continues peacefully. When a round of ten or more archers who have each shot three or more arrows is finished, the judge enters the closed-off place and counts out loud the arrows sticking in the target. With a great hullabaloo the crowd confirms the number of hits; the opponents do the same and then the contest begins again with all the [617] action described above. When this process has been repeated often, a longer pause occurs. During this, and often during the shorter recess after each round, the women and girls hand out refreshments. The water pipe makes the rounds and no one spares praises. Thus it continues till 526

526 meaning are placed next to each other usually
533 a nominative before the objective case (accusative--dative). These words form the frame for the words contained in the second (even lines) sayings.

The poem can be reproduced in the following way to make sense (only the even lines):

2. Let us stamp mightily so that the earth groans
   So that it is known for certain that we have conquered.
4. Set up the bows, you brave youths!
6. Set up the bows so that the mighty victory shows.
8. Whoever dares to battle us, we will fix his comb.
10. May your mockery be sharp, the opponent must weep.
12. He must weep, his eyes weep, his nose runs.
14. Do not be sorry, comrades, it was so determined!

•[522] 526 273 /619/ Singing in this way with mocking songs to the defeated opponent, shouting and rejoicing, the crowd moves across the place of the festival. Liquor is brought and drunk zealously, only too zealously, so that the crowd, lighted by the torches, aroused by the victory, and excited by the shooting competition, makes a wild impression. The raw, wild joy breaks forth in a deafening racket. Finally tired of the rushing around they return slowly but still shouting to their village, and scatter to their huts, still disputing violently about the happenings.

F26 The cost of an archery contest varies